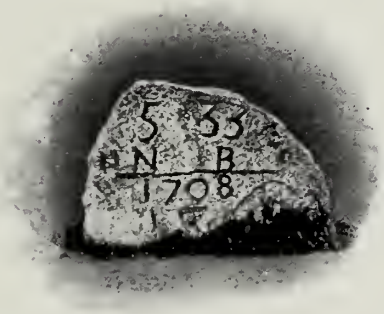
The Milestone

ENGRAVINGS FURNISHED BY
CALDERWOOD & PREG

PRINTING AND BINDING BY
NEWBURYPORT HERALD PRESS

The Milestone



1929

DUMMER ACADEMY
1763

The Milestone

PUBLISHED BY THE

Senior Class of Dummer Academy

THE MILESTONE BOARD

ROGER W. PAGE	Editor-in-Chief
RICHARD H. MOULTON	Business Manager
THOMAS S. WALKER . . .	Art Editor
CHARLES A. FULLER, JR.	Art Editor

SOUTH BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

June, 1929

Dedication

We, the Senior Class and Milestone Board of 1929, gratefully dedicate this book to the man who has given us the best of his ability in teaching and outside interests, to

Floyd East Jarvis

FLOYD EAST JARVIS

CHARLES SAMUEL INGHAM, Headmaster

B. A., Yale, 1891
Ph. D., Yale, 1896
Latin

WALTER JOHN FARRELL

Assistant to the Headmaster
A. B. Boston University, 1904

Mathematics
Freshman Latin
Coach of Hockey
Athletic Director
Faculty Advisor for the Archon

APPRECIATION

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Mr. Phillip B. Skerrye

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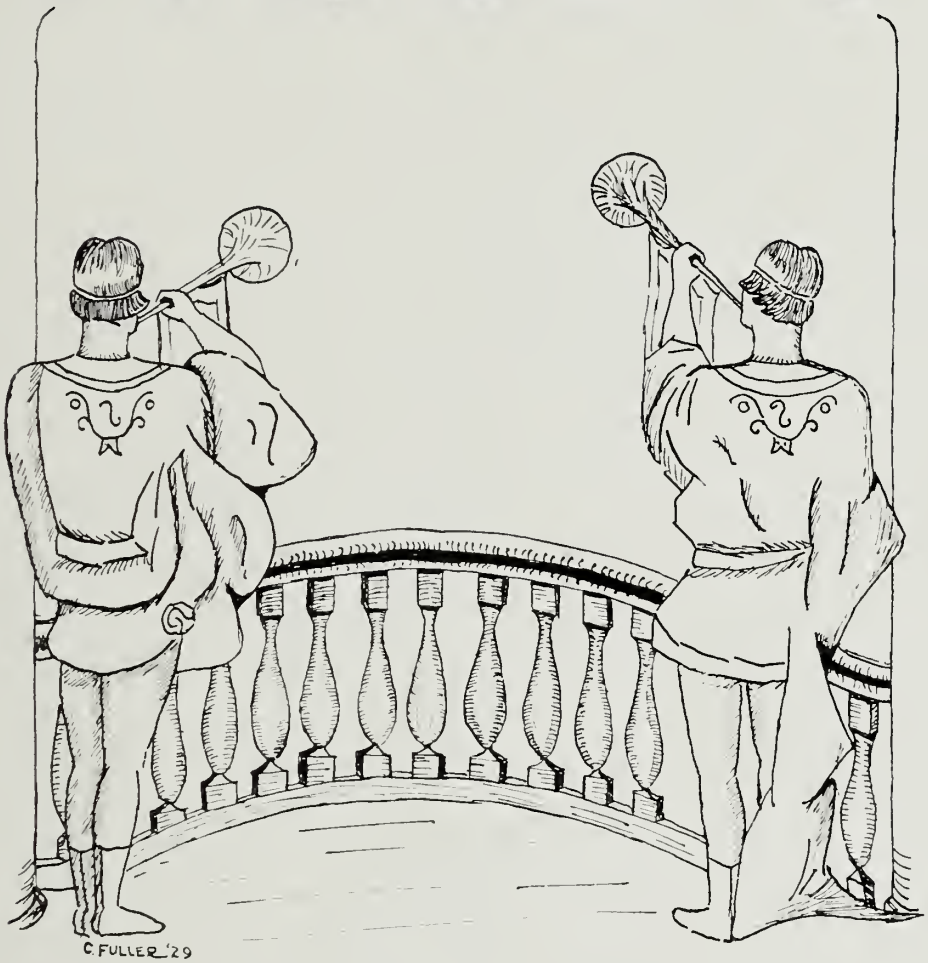


PHILLIP BALDWIN SKERRYE

Harvard, 1920

History

Coach of Golf

FRANCIS JOSEPH REAGAN

Bates, 1914

Lowell Normal School

Registrar

Commercial Subjects

Coach of Baseball and Basketball

CARL CAMPBELL PETERSON

B. S. Norwich University, 1924

Junior School Instructor

Junior Baseball Coach

CHESTER FLINT PROTHERO

B. B. A. Boston University, 1921

Harvard Graduate School

Mathematics

Science

Mechanical Drawing

Coach of Tennis

Chester F. Prothero

BURTON LYLE BRUCE

L. L. B. Fordham University, 1928

Commercial English

Junior School Instructor

Coach of Football

Master of The Commons

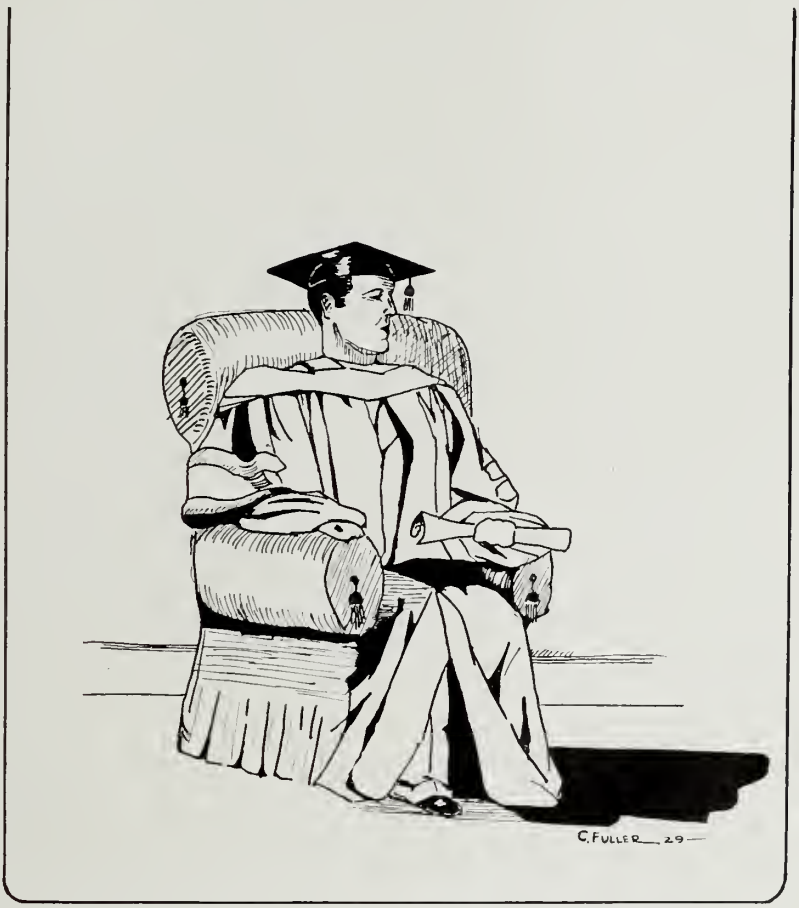
EDWIN ARTHUR CRANSTON

B. A. Wesleyan, 1924

French

Latin

SENIORS



ROGER WILLIAM PAGE

Lynnfield, Mass.

"One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found."

Scientific Course
Entered School in '26
Preparing for Bowdoin
Captain 2nd Team Football '26
Football Team '27, '28
Hockey Team '27, '28, '29
Baseball Team '27, '28, '29
Track Team '28
Junior Prom Committee '28
Mid-Year Prom Committee '29
Circulation Manager of "The Archon" '28
Editor-in-Chief of "The Archon" '29
Editor-in-Chief of the "Milestone" '29

"Bill"

Here we have the busiest man in Dummer Academy. Bill always has something to do and when time threatens to drag, he turns to his correspondence list (all feminine) and satisfies some fair maiden's prayer with a lengthy epistle. 'Bill' is one of the foremost authorities on hockey, baseball, or for that matter any sport. He is renowned throughout the Commons for his excellent coffee. When anyone wants anything from string to radio tubes, he always comes to Bill Page.

Bill is an athlete and I don't mean "pre-war." He has been a member of every major sport team at Dummer except basketball. He sure knows his pigskins when it is a matter of football, and maybe he can't swing a mean hockey stick, to say nothing of his winged-feet when it comes to the 600, and does that boy sling a nasty horsehide pill! "Dunt esk!"

Bill has roomed with Tom Walker for two years and one of these two years was spent above the Honorable Mr. Skerrye, much to the latter's grief. But every thing has to end; Mr. Skerrye took charge of Pierce Hall and Tom and Bill graduated to the Commons. Thus ended the beginning of a tragedy.

Wherever Bill goes and whatever Bill does, he will, above all, be a success, we feel sure.

THOMAS SIMPSON WALKER

Boston, Mass.

"You are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bids you."

General Course
Entered School in '25
Preparing for Massachusetts School of Art
2nd Team Football '26, '27
Football Team '28
Hockey Squad '29
Golf Squad '26, '27, '28, '29
Associate Editor of "The Archon" '29
Art Editor of the "Milestone" '29

Tom Walker

"Tom" - "Tiny"

If Tom is not arrested for disturbing the peace with Gargantuan bellows; if he is not hanged for attempted destruction of the White House; if he is not electrocuted for caricaturing some high dignitary; if he is not burned at the stake for his atheistic doctrines—he will eventually achieve greatness.

Combine if you will the face and figure of Lincoln, tremendous bell-bottom trousers, a penchant for dirks, a monocle and side whiskers; add a tremendous pipe; and you have Thomas Walker in his native habitat. Astonishing, ain't it? It is.

Tom Walker rooms with Bill Page. He roomed with the latter another year over Mr. Skerrye. We will draw a veil over the sufferings of the patient master. Time will heal all wounds. When Tom wasn't pressing his trousers by slamming his trunk down upon them as they lay prostrate and helpless on the floor, he was throwing knives at his bureau. When he was quiet and peaceful, Bill dragged the trunk around and around the room to get in condition for track.

Tom has played football; he has bent his long body double under the stern gaze of Mr. Peterson at gym class; he has strolled about the golf course muttering strange words to his ball and waving wildly from time to time; but always, under all circumstances, he was planning caricatures or drawing them. His text-books served but one purpose to Tom—a legitimate field for cartoons. If he saves those books he will make a royal fortune selling them to Dummer Academy some years hence.

Our one hope in this world is to see Tom trying to compress his six feet two into the upper berth on a Boston to Portland boat—and to hear his remarks about the Eastern Steamship Line at the same time.

WHITE CALDWELL WATSON, JR.

Hot Springs, Arkansas

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed; She's a woman, therefore to be won."

Classical Course
Entered School in '27
Preparing for University of Arkansas
Football Team '27, '28
Basketball Team '28
Baseball Team '28, '29
Cove Scholarship '28
Junior Prom Committee '28
2nd Prize, Ambrose Prize Speaking '28
Dalton Hamor Baseball Prize '28
Manager School Store '29

"Arkie" Watson

"Arkie"

Yes sah! Arkie is a real product from south of the M. & D. line where the girls are belles and the men are Democrats. Probably the hardest problem that Watson had to explain was the terrific "flop" suffered in his native land of the "Al and Joe" team of 1928.

Arkie's greatest contribution to the school, outside of his general display of Southern chivalry and courtesy, came through the medium of an educated arm. Although the cruel New England weather wrecked havoc on that "awm" at times, he was able to mow down opposing batsmen with regularity and put Dummer on top in many of its baseball games.

Despite a couple of "dawgs" that also went Republican for the first time last fall, the Hot Springs gentleman flagged all prospective backfield men who essayed to circle his end on the gridiron in a decisive manner.

There are times that occur in a life time that try the souls of men. Watson seemed to have two such daily happenings—far more than his share. As the storekeeper and vendor of sweets, the combination of purchasers with poor credit and a smoky lantern that caused much trouble in identifying these "gate-crashers", caused a few wrinkles to furrow the brain of this once handsome youth; and to try to argue with Mr. Prothero that he was equipped fully to pass a Physics course, much better adapted in fact than one Smith, was the other hurdle that daily confronted him and made him view life through a blue colored lens. But all's well that ends well, and we hope to hear of our Arkie "going big" in the University of Arkansas next fall.

GEORGE GORDON LADDS

Newburyport, Mass.

"Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."

Classical Course
Preparing for Harvard
Entered School '24
Moody Kent Prize in Latin '25, '26
Moody Kent Prize in English '27
Newburyport Dummer Allies Scholarship '25, '26, '27, '28, '29
First Prize Milestone Short Story Contest '27
2nd Prize, Ambrose Prize Speaking '27
1st Prize, Ambrose Prize Speaking '28

"George"

George Gordon Ladds is, like Tom Walker, one of those who lend color and atmosphere to the class of 1929. To be sure, and praise be, he does not lend the same color. George's scholarly habits and appearance are a constant puzzle to boys like Tom, Mex and Derb. They cannot understand for the life of them why anyone can cherish such a passion for Latin as does George. Now one could scarcely call certain members of the class of 1929 aesthetes. We are not certain that George is—but his fondness for Horace and Pliny, his passion for old and decrepit books, indicates something very very foreign to the class in general. George is one reason why the class of 1929 can never be forgotten. If all others in the class have criminal tendencies, if every other member defies law and order, we feel sure that George Gordon Ladds will maintain the best traditions of the old school of real scholars.

To be sure George has his weaknesses. They are part of his charm. He buries himself in book catalogues; he spends money scandalously for musty first editions rescued from the ruins of Pompeii; he is invariably late to any and all school functions; and more than all these—he acquired a Ford, an ancient, anaemic, tubercular Ford which fitted into the scheme of things beautifully. George has since given the Ford up—but we feel sure that it is in his back yard where he can take Horace's latest story to read without fear of interruption.

George will be a professor of Latin. Of that there can be no doubt. And he will be an anchor holding the present generation from slipping into the abyss of frivolity.

RODMAN GEARHART

Winthrop, Mass.

"Let down the curtain; the farce is done."

Business Course
Entered School in '27
2nd Team Football '28
Hockey Team '28, '29
Tennis Squad '28, '29
Secretary and Treasurer of the Senior Class

"Rod"

That young man with the hyena grin is none other than the product of Winthrop, "Gabby" Gearhart. Possessed with a perpetual sense of humor, at times overdone, he is one of the happy-go-lucky members of the school. As the leader of the Dummer Marshland Band which did its stuff in some of the post-season football games, he was at his best as he led his musical troupe with a feather duster.

In athletics he was always trying for one of the teams but had little success except in hockey where he was of help to the ice-men. Had the spirit and style—much style—but just could not seem to make the grade.

As an end man with the minstrel troupe he was up "on top," and his natural desire for merriment and willingness to toss dull care to the four winds were points that made him successful with the black face men.

With the minimum of time he put into his books, his continual search for a sunbeam in order to pull a joke, and his sortie with the athletes, gave him but a few hours a week to put into practical office work his major subject. His big boss, Mr. Reagan, spent most of his free time trying to find him in order to help put over some big deals for the school through the medium of the Gearhart driven typewriter. Occasionally the B. B. was able to detect him wandering about his usual haunts, but most of the time he had to do the machine gun work himself.

Carefree and happy, would that we had more boys of that type, especially when so many of our present generation take themselves so seriously and feel that the progress of the world depends upon their shoulders.

GRAY WILDER ADAMS

Newbury, Mass.

"Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod?

Classical Course
Entered School in '27
3rd Prize, Ambrose Prize Speaking '28

"Gray"

He is a young man of mystery, is Mr. Adams. He walks into our midst about the hour of eight, attends his classes, holds his peace during the times when the loquatiousness of the ordinary Dummerite is on full blast, and then departs from our confines with the same, quiet air that characterized his appearance.

Adams is a musician of the classical type, so we are informed, and the performances of our jazzy artists perhaps has something to do toward quickening his stride away from our halls of learning as soon as the whistle blows for the end of studies.

Possessed with an unassuming manner and the earnestness that has characterized most of the Newbury boys that have come to Dummer, we look for a continuance of the good work and traditions laid down by so many of the local boys that have gone out from the old school.

RICHARD HAMMOND MOULTON

Lexington, Mass.

"It matters not what you are thought to be, but what you are."

Classical Course
Preparing for Bowdoin College
Entered School in '25
Orchestra '27, '28, '29
Harvard Associate Club Prize '28
Washington Franklin Medal '28
Manager Basketball '27
Golf Squad '26, '27, '28, '29
Business Manager "Milestone" '29

"Denny" - "Dick"

Like the "Minute Man" from his own home town, Dick is always on the job until the last minute of play and never leaves for other fields until he thoroughly cleans up one task to the best of his ability. Scholastic duties, managerial tasks, music, literary and copious letter writing engagements have kept him a busy youth during his years at school. His major industries have been director of phonographic concerts at his room and dispenser of "bon mots" through the medium of the minioned messenger of Uncle Sam, although Dick has managed to land on the Honor Roll at times.

Although handicapped physically, the Lexington executive has been able to guide through a successful season a basketball team as well as compete for the school on the greens of Ould Newbury and neighboring fairways. "Din," however, always felt that he was given a raw deal on his track work and never received his letter in this department.

The current Milestone has been greatly aided by his efforts as a busines manager, which job he has handled with tireless and unselfish effort, which is so characteristic of "Denny."

CARLOS FERNANDEZ

Mexico City, Mexico

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

Scientific Course
Entered School in '26
Preparing for New Mexico School of Mines
2nd Team Football '26, '27
Football '28
Basketball '28, '29
Tennis Squad '28, '29
Manager School Store '28

"Mex"

Mex is the mystery at Dummer Academy—naturally. Every school and every class must have its mystery. And who better than Mex for ours. We feel sure that Mex belongs to the reigning house of Mexico—or aren't they having reigns down there now? And Mex, true to his heritage, is the perfect cosmopolite. He has been everywhere. He knows all the places we would like to know but never shall.

His understanding of the gentler sex is characteristic. Mex knows them. He understands them. And they don't understand him. The situation seems to be practically perfect. We are hoping that some day he will publish his memoirs. The sale in and around here should be stupendous.

In contrast to this tenderer side of his character, you should see Mex on the football field. His treatment of some of the rising young football stars has been scandalous. Mex was a guard—and I mean, he *was* a guard. When Mex tackled someone he didn't need the "Book of Knowledge" to tell him he had been tackled. On a very muddy field it was Mex's delight to push his opponent's face in the mud and count the bubbles as they came up.

You don't think of doves when you first see Mex. And when he puts his cage over his glasses to play basketball, he looks like a nightmare making whoopee. At the gentle art of roughing in a corner, Mex had few equals. We all wish he would go down below and stop the unpleasantness below our border. Mex could. And with the scholastic training acquired in Mr. Prothero's classes, he should be a general in a very short time. Then he would be king and we would all have jobs.

EDGAR ALLEN TEMPLE

Puente, Cal.

"Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world."

Classical Course
Entered School in '26
Preparing for Santa Clara University
Football Team '26, '27, Captain '28
Basketball '27, '28, Captain '29
Baseball Squad '27
Track Squad '29
Golf Squad '29
President Senior Class
Junior Prom Committee '28

"Big Jake"

Coming events forecast their shadows, and the physical appearance of Bert Temple is heralded with a vocal blast that quite exceeds his summer pals, the roaring sea lions that keep him and his glass bottom dory companions in the Catalina Islands.

Jake has been one of the mainstays athletically for old Dummer during his three years, and no D A team looked natural without "Roaring Jake" in the makeup of the South Byfielders. But one smirch sullies the escutcheon of the Jake and his famous "Casey" will stand out forever in the minds of some of the baseball rooters.

As a tooter of the saxaphone and a general dispenser of "Whoopee," the name of the noisiest citizen of Puente ever to grace the walls of Dummer will always be connected, but his contribution to the "esprit de corps" of the school has been of the highest type.

"Come on, the old ball game!"

WALTER PAUL TEMPLE, JR.

Puente, Cal.

"Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

Classical Course
Entered School in '26
Preparing for Santa Clara University
Football Team, '26, '27, '28
Basketball Squad, '27, '29
Track Team, '28, Captain '29
Baseball Team, '27, '28, Captain '29
Junior Prom Committee, '28

Wally Temple

"Wally"

Some people may be in a community for a century without their presence ever being detected, and Wally comes under that group. Always striving and working for the good of the school, his natural modesty and retiring disposition would keep him away from the howling mob.

Football, baseball, and track victories shared by the school during his three years of participation can find the fine hand of Wally in its inception. Despite severe injuries sustained in football last fall he continued to play the game in a masterly fashion.

As a musician in the Dummer Orchestra and assistant dispenser of chicken feed, Wally had a diversion from the heavy diet of studies and athletics.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast" quoth a famous writer of other days, and the firm faith Wally had in these immortal words bade him turn his footsteps daily to the school post-office without success. Still waters run deep, and who knows but what Wally was waiting during his three years at school to hear from a fair senorita from far out in the open spaces where men are men and the plumbing's rotten.

CHARLES ARTHUR FULLER, JR.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"A man doth not live by bread only."

Scientific Course
Entered School in '26
Preparing for Cornell
2nd Team Football '26, '27
Football Team '28
Basketball Team '27, '28, '29
Captain Track '28
Track Team '29
Baseball Team '27, '28, '29
Football Dance Committee '28
Mid-Year Prom Committee '29
Art Editor of the "Milestone" '29
Circulation Manager of "The Archon" '29

"Charlie"

Charlie was termed once by a visitor as "the nicest boy in the school." You can't hate a boy for that, and as we begin to think it over, we come to the conclusion that the observant stranger perhaps was correct. At any rate, we will compromise by stating that Charles Arthur is perhaps our leading diplomat.

Loyalty is one of the young man's leading traits and his test for that is his everlasting allegiance to his former high school team, somewhere in New York. Although they still play football with twelve men on a team up there, Charlie still champions their cause when the fair name of his school is attacked.

Fuller is an easy man to get up in the air, not mentally, but physically. At the Harvard Stadium this winter, the name of Fuller went on the roll of honor with other record holders when the running high jump event was concluded. He has blazed the trail for other future Dummer hopes.

Versatility and willingness to be of service to the school sums up our young man. Football, track, basketball, baseball, the four major sports at the school, were aided by him and letters in these sports now adorn his many sweaters. Dramatics and social functions in general receive an impetus when the genial Charles gets behind these outside festivities. As an end man in our minstrels or as a host to a charming young lady, at our proms, Fuller leaves nothing to be desired in the way a real Dummer man should comport himself.

ROBERT GILES DOWLING

Hyannis, Mass.

"Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought."

Scientific Course
Entered School in '28
Preparing for Bowdoin
Football Team '28
Basketball Team '29
Baseball Team '29
Hockey Squad '29

"Bob"

A young man of actions—not words. Dowling is a willing worker, tries hard, improves, and in the end, is one of the best.

Although a new boy, the transition from the cape in the south to the cape in the north has been simple through his tact, graciousness, and industry. Immediately on being thrust in on a squad of veterans he applied himself diligently and earnestly, and when the football season was completed with success, Bob was one of the leading factors in the turning out of a successful team.

He was troubled with a mild case of girlitis which caused frequent trips to the telephone, and Dame Rumor has it that he cut his Spring vacation short a day in order to apply himself in the role of the heavy. He neither confirms nor denies the rumor, however.

But whatever he does, he does well, and we trust that he will round out his year scholastically, socially, and athletically in the fitting manner that has characterized his start. Our only regret is that he has but one year to give to old Dummer.

DERBY MOORE

Salem, Mass.

"That indolent but agreeable condition of doing nothing."

Business Course
Entered School in '26
Track Team '28
Track Squad '29
Tennis Team '27, '28, '29
Junior Prom Committee '28

"Derb"

This young man is known to his friends as "The Sheik of Salem" and for smoothness, suaveness, and general all around "oil" can hold his own with any of the "boy friends" hereabouts. Dinty is a very cautious proceeder though, and looks over his field pretty carefully before he elects to go into action,—cagey, we might add.

There is plenty of Scotch in the young man's makeup we are informed by the Treasurer of the class and for two years he has been able to elude the vigilant holder of class funds very successfully. Seems to stay outside the twelve mile limit.

Athletically, Derby has contributed generously to Dummer activities with tennis, track, and baseball among the lists he has entered. On the board track, over the short dashes, he has been of great help to the outdoor track squad while his work on the courts places him well up with leading Dummer tennisists.

Confidence is a wonderful attribute to the success of any young man in the battle of life and from our knowledge of this particular Salemite, we should opine that he will have the world under his feet before he is out of school a year. More power to you, Dinty.

RICHARD ALBREE

Swampscott, Mass.

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

General Course
Entered School in '27
Football Manager '27
Basketball Manager '29
Golf Squad '28, '29

"Dick" - "Coach"

Here is an All-Essex manager, if ever there were one. Dick has guided two Dummer squads from the raw stage to the highly developed machine, has never arranged two games for the same day, has always been able to keep the footballs from slipping away into parts unknown, and in general, has been of the satisfactory type.

But like all heroes he has his weaknesses. Sheiking has been his major in the curriculum outside of classes, and when a man leaves school to take a 4.00 o'clock train and is seen walking along High Street at 5.00, we might say that he knows his stuff.

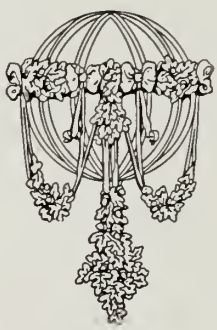
Like the hero in the old song "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," Bon Richard had his fears, and insisted on having his "way" lighted even under the glare of Newburyport's busiest street. And then Richard was still afraid to go home so waited until the next morning.

Although physically handicapped, Dick was more active than many of our fit boys and contributed his limited means and help in the way that would go the longest way towards helping the school. Possessed with a willing spirit at all times and doing well whatever the task to which he was assigned, he will be remembered favorably by everybody.

THE CLASS OF '29

We're back at Dummer now,
For the last and final lap.
And the "college boards" loom up before,
It's sure no time to nap.
Some leave old Dummer, in the class of twenty-nine,
Young men of dignity, and characters that are fine,
Go out to face the world alone,
To countries far and wide.
And the learning Dummer gave them,
To help and be their guide.
So schoolmates when you've left us,
And we advance in line.
Old Dummer says, "God bless you all,
The class of twenty-nine."

Arthur B. Sleight '30



AN EVENING IN 1950

PROFESSOR George Gordon Ladds was agitated. Whenever he came home without his overshoes and umbrella, his good wife knew that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"My dear," the Professor exclaimed, "I have had a most thrilling evening. I..."

"Where," asked Mrs. Ladds sternly "are your overshoes and umbrella?"

Professor Ladds looked sadly at his feet, gazed disconsolately at his empty left hand, and sighed audibly.

"My dear, I do not know. Have I left them again?"

"You have," remarked Mrs. Ladds frigidly. "But go on with your story."

Again the learned Professor of Latin at Harvard University beamed. "My dear," he exclaimed, "I have renewed my youth. I have walked once again the paths of my childhood. I have breathed once more the inspiring air of my earlier days, I have...."

"George Gordon Ladds, will you stop rambling all over the place and talk sense?" Mrs. Ladds was not on aesthete.

"But, my dear, it has been most amazing. I went to that new cinema, you know, with that old classmate of mine at Dummer Academy. You know, the one about whom there was so much scandal last year,—er, ah,—Richard Albree. I met him quite accidentally as he was talking to a most disreputable looking creature—who turned out to be that brilliant artist, Thomas Walker. You know he was recently knighted by Edward the Eighth. Imagine my delight at meeting two of my old classmates. It appears that Thomas is in town, monocle and all, to give a series of talks on "The Place of the Caricature in Our Modern Life." We must certainly go to hear him. And I found that Richard was engaged in promoting a beauty contest over at the beach. Imagine it."

"That," remarked Mrs. Ladds, "is one form of entertainment at which you will not be present."

"Certainly not, my dear," agreed the scholar—wistfully. "But more astonishing things happened after this strange meeting. We went to that new cinema. We had no sooner seated ourselves than the manager of the theatre walked out on the stage to make an announcement. He was a most dapper looking gentleman. Tom gave a hoot and bellowed in a most embarrassing way, 'It's Derb Moore!' And I give you my word, it was Derby Moore, another of my old classmates at Dummer. I began to think I was

dreaming. Derby spoke very well. He said he had always hoped to own a theatre of his own and that he could wish for no better dedication than that of this evening. He went on to say that he had secured the services of several distinguished people to entertain us. And, my dear, I give you my word, he introduced as guest conductor of the orchestra—Bert Temple. We all shouted. It was positively astounding. And most astonishing of all, Edgar said, 'Hello, folks. I sure am glad to be here tonight. I hope a lot of my friends are here with me to help open Derb's theatre. Let's go.' And then he turned to the orchestra and as it began to play, out on the stage came a chap with a saxaphone and, my dear, I give you my word it was Wally Temple, Bert's brother. By this time I was nearly hysterical. You know Bert and Wally run a 'dude' ranch out in California in the summer and then come to New York and travel around here and there with their 'saxes' having the best time in the world and giving the same.

"Well, the orchestra stopped playing. The curtain went up and out on the stage danced a chap with a lot of astonishingly attractive girls who danced very well and sang and talked to us. And who should the man be but Carlos Fernandez, the mystery of Dummer Academy—and looking like the cover of a magazine. He presented each of the girls to us, dancing with each one after doing so, and dancing beautifully. Tom said he had seen him in New York where they are crazy about him. It appears that "Mex," as he used to be called, runs the most popular night club there.

"You can imagine my amazement by this time. I asked Tom how in the world and why all these classmates were there—if he could in any way explain this remarkable series of coincidences. Tom looked at me a minute and howled. And while I was still mystified down came the screen and a news reel was shown. And, my dear, picture my utter amazement to see the very first thing Bill Page, our old editor of the Archon at Dummer, and now editor of the New York Times, shaking hands with Robert Dowling, our new Ambassador to England ! And before I could say or do anything, I saw the next caption "Traffic Officer Arrests Classmate" and there was Rodman Gearhart shown giving a tag to "Dick" Moulton, Boston's leading business man and Mayor. And in each scene one was telling the other not to forget the big Dummer reunion!

"You know, I seem to remember something of the sort being planned but for the life of me I can't remember when or where it was to be. I turned to Tom and remarked that it looked as though the Dummer reunion was being held right here. And he simply howled. He roared in a most embarrassing way. And I couldn't see a thing humorous in the remark. And Tom turned to Dick Albree and started to tell him something when up

went the curtain and out into the centre of the spotlight came Gray Adams, the pianist, whom I hadn't heard for three years. My dear, it was too much. I yelled right out, 'For God's sake, it's Gray Adams,' and I give you my word I thought Tom and Richard would die laughing. Why, what are you doubled up about, sweet?"

"Go on, go on," gurgled the good scholar's spouse. "You will be the death of me yet."

"What," demanded the Professor, "are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing at all. I am simply overwhelmed at the series of coincidences." And Mrs. Ladds sat silently shaking.

"Well, wasn't it astounding? Gray played beautifully and from all over the theatre came shouts of applause when he finished. And while I was simply gaping and speechless from amazement and quite bewildered, out went the lights and on the screen was flashed the caption 'Charles Fuller Presents Another of His Famous Animated Cartoon Series," and for the next ten minutes we saw animated cartoons of the class of 1929 scrambling about Dummer Academy—cartoons of classroom and football field, of masters and examinations, of study hall and golf course, until we all howled with delight, and all over the theatre were shrieks of laughter as some familiar figure was depicted in some grotesque situation. No wonder the man is famous the world over for his animated cartoons. They were marvelous. But now I give you my word, Henrietta, how they happened to be shown at this time and how they happened to be about Dummer is utterly beyond me. And just as I was going to ask Tom what in the world it was all about, the curtain went up and out came a stunning looking chap who spoke to Bert Temple and then bowed to us. There was a moment of complete silence which Tom shattered with a terrific bellow, 'Hello, Arky—give us a song," and from all over the theatre came calls of 'Oh you Arky' and 'atta boy, Arky.' It seemed as though half the people there were bosom friends of Caldwell Watson. What are you laughing at, Henrietta?"

"George Gordon Ladds, I shall die before you get to the end of this story. I have never heard anything like it in my life. If they know....." and Mrs. Ladds gasped for breath.

"I'm sure that I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about," complained the Professor. "Anyway Arky, as we always called him, held up his hand for silence. 'Boys,' he said, 'Ah sure am glad to be heah tonight. Ah wants you-all to know Ah came a good long way to be heah with you-all and to help Derb with his show. An' now, folks, Ah's goin' to give

you-all a song. An' Ah'm singin' to you-all an' to a girl Ah had to leave back in Arkansas.'

"And so Arky, who has taken the country by storm with his gorgeous tenor voice and his charming personality sang 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginy', and then we wouldn't let him go so he gave us 'I Hear You Calling Me' and then he waited for silence.

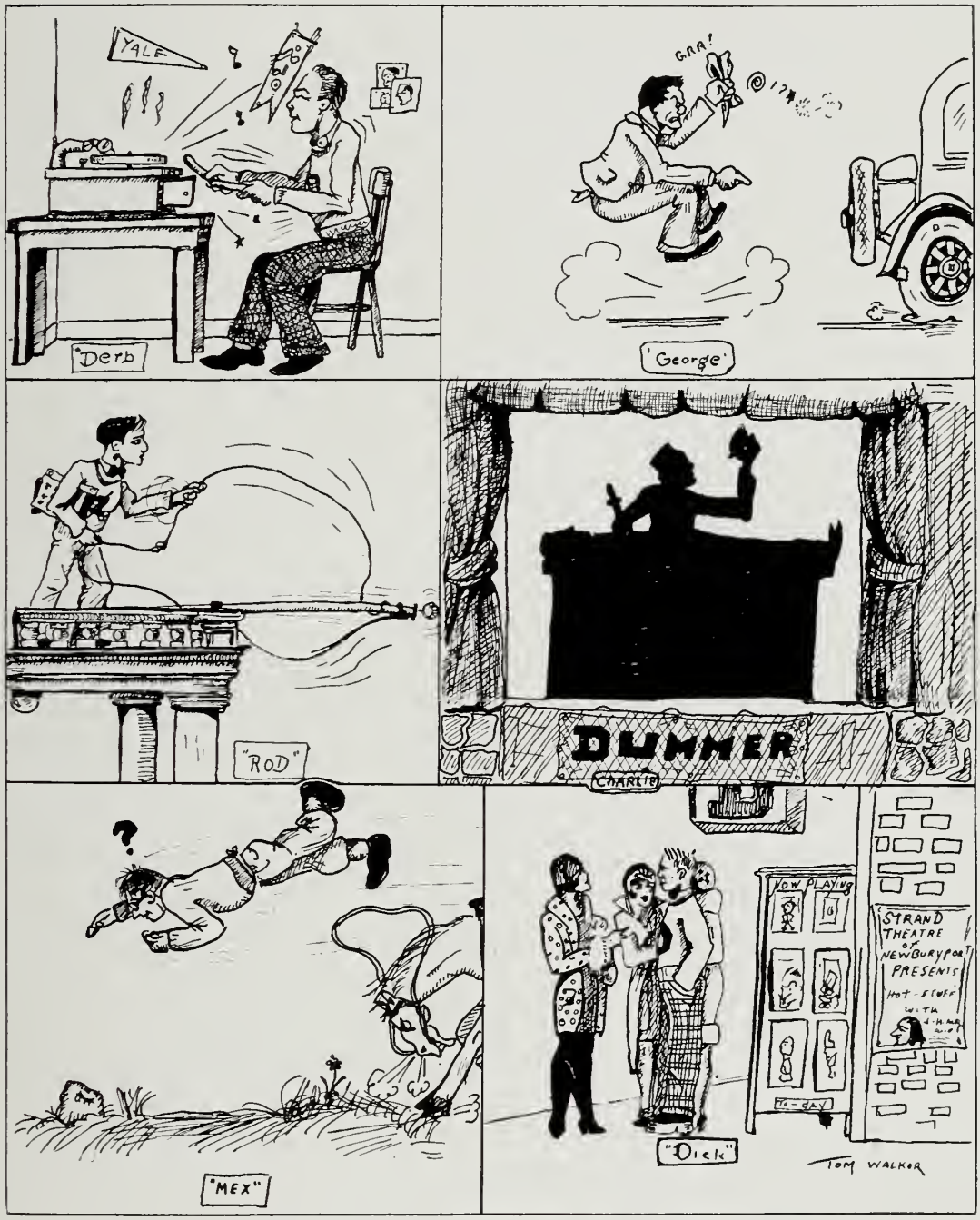
" 'Now, Boys,' he said, 'Ah'm goin' to ask you-all to stand up an' we'll all sing a song we all know an' love because it brings back to every one of us memories of happy days. Let's sing 'Auld Lang Syne.' And we stood up and sang and with Tom and Dick Albree there and so many of the old class, once more I was back in the Lang Gymnasium at Commencement."

The Professor was silent. Memories crowded thick upon him—Memories of happy days when life was very simple—memories of class room and study-hall, of laughter and song—memories of.....

A bell rang brusquely. The Professor went slowly to the telephone.

"Hello...Yes, this is Professor Ladds..What? Where was I at the Dummer dinner?...What Dummer dinner?...You don't mean it...And I was suposed to speak? But, my dear Tom, I really forgot, I didn't know, I ...Oh, yes, yes, yes, of course...Tom, don't tell them I forgot and didn't know it was the Dummer reunion...You know I had simply forgotten all about it...Really it didn't dawn on me at all...No, I wouldn't have been there at all had I not met you and Richard...If I had missed it..and they were *all* Dummer fellows..and that was why there were no girls there! And of course, I got in too late for the opening address. That's why I didn't realize it...and you know I thought I had to leave early...you know I'm always leaving my overshoes and umbrella...you know... come over to dinner tomorrow, won't you...Good! Good-night, Tom."

"DENNY"
YALE
"ARKIE"
"BERT"
"BOB"
Post office
"WALLY"
JUNIORS
Adams
Archon
"BILL"
TOM WALKER


YALE
"Derb"
GAA!
"George"
"ROD"
DUMMER
CHARLIE
"MEX"
NOW PLAYING
STRAND THEATRE OF NEWBURYPORT PRESENTS
HOT-STUFF
TO-DAY
"Dick"
TOM WALKER

JUNIORS

1930

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Richard Hosmer ..... Vice-President
Malcolm Swain Walker ..... Secretary, Treasure

JUNIOR CLASS

Almeyda, Edwardo Raymo
Bell, Kenneth Cleveland
Best, George Edgar
Brown, Marshall Allen
Capron, John Martin
Fuller, Arthur Alexander
Hessian, John Edward
Hosmer, Richard
McKenzie, Stuart Arnold
Mildram, John
Montague, Everett Ila
Ray, Weldon Marshall
Robinson, Edward Frederick, Jr.
Sleight, Arthur Bartlett
Tate, James Doudge
Thelen, Otto R. B. L.
Walker, Malcolm Swain

SOPHS

1931

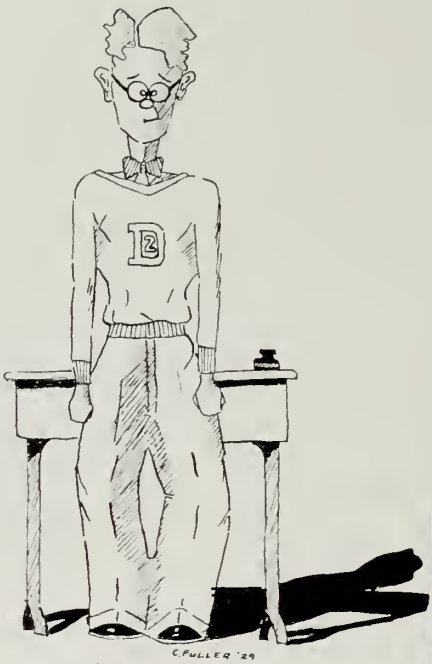
SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Donald Craig ..... President
Owen Grant, Jr. ..... Vice-President
Harold Dawson ..... Secretary

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Buechner, Carl August, Jr.
Chase, Charles Stuart
Craig, Donald
Craig, Ralph
Cusick, Lawrence Francis, Jr.
Davis, George Henry
Dawson, Harold Cleveland
Eaton, Samuel Hamilton
Grant, Owen, Jr.
Robbins, Lincoln Dix, Jr.
Smith, Everett Wade
Thelen, Reinhart C. W.

FROSH



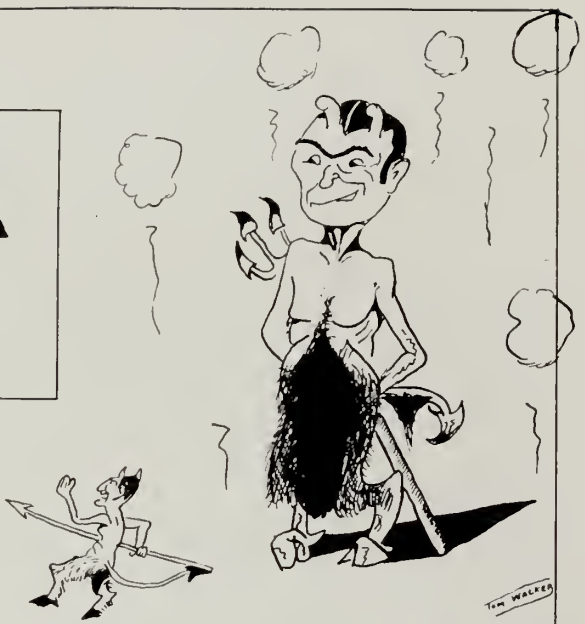
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Carl Herbert Padover	President
Winfield Horace Perkins	Vice-President
William Austin Buechner	Secretary

FRESHMAN CLASS

Blair, Robert Orrin
Buechner, William Austin
Davis, William Russell
Gove, William Pinkham
Kleeb, Cecil Garner
Krippendorf, Ernest P. L.
Marks, Melvin
Padover, Carl Herbert
Perkins, Winfield Horace
Root, Henry Austin

JUNIOR SCHOOL



JUNIOR SCHOOL OFFICERS

James Albert Hessian ..... President
James Frederick Huxtable ..... Vice-President
Penn Parker Pillsbury ..... Secretary

JUNIOR SCHOOL

Ayers, Lawrence
Baldwin, Herbert Lesslie
Barett, Carl August, Jr.
Dodge, Allan Andrews
Dodge, William Reddie
Dunlop, William McCleary
Feldman, Albert
Hessian, James Albert
Hopkins, Prescott Andrews, Jr.
Huxtable, James Frederick
Kelley, Harvey
Mollica, Robert Dominick
Nason, James Gordon
Peabody, Stephen
Pillsbury, Penn Parker
Randall, Stephen
Ropes, John Chapin
Shepard, Edmund Coffin
Sturgis, Raymond
Smith, George Maynard

THE MANSION HOUSE

LITERATURE

LUCKY IN LOVE

By Travis Ingham, Dummer '24

RODMAN James McKinley peered intently into the cracked gymnasium mirror, passed an inquiring finger over the soft golden down which had coyly settled on his upper lip—and decided that he must be in love. Having reached this exciting conclusion, he surveyed himself in a detached fashion, as though for the first time. He had light curly hair which he spent most of his life keeping beyond the reach of bony fingered spinster aunts. His clear blue eyes, despite much glowering and knitting of brows, remained as serene as a babe's. As for his teeth—it was Roddy's secret conviction that they were worthy of a toothpaste advertisement. He was engaged in smiling to himself to ascertain which position of his lips would reveal the most pleasing expanse of ivory, when a soggy towel smote him upon unprotected nether portions of his anatomy.

Whirling about, he encountered the drippingly sardonic person of "Hoot" Dawson, late of the shower.

"Well, Deary," drawled the newcomer, "How d'ya like yourself?"

Roddy blushed with guilt and anger. "A darn sight better than I like you," he retorted darkly, reaching for his underclothes. His mellow mood was shattered. The world had broken in upon him again. Drearily he dressed and climbed the endless flights to the room he shared with "Dixie" Davenport.

However, the sight of a pale blue envelope upon his desk drove his spirits up into the clouds again. He seized it, peering intently at the handwriting. It was from Barbara! Having ascertained this important fact, Roddy perched on the window seat, holding the note carelessly in delicious prolongation of the moment of revelation.

It was all very strange, he reflected with a little shiver of excitement. In all his fifteen years nothing quite like this had ever happened to him before. For Barbara had come into his life just two weeks ago at the school dancing class.

Hampshire Academy believed that its young men should be perfected in the graces as well as the arts. Hence every other Friday at eight o'clock, a huge bus from the neighboring town of Raleigh drove up in front of the gymnasium. Following its arrival would ensue a moment of indecision

while the machine rocked to the passage of some heavy body. At length this would cease with the appearance upon the threshold of Mrs. Hemmenon, whose ample proportions far sooner suggested a channel swimmer than a dancing teacher. The keystone being thus removed, out would pour a bevy—there is no other word to describe this group—a bevy of local damsels, whose especial function it was to guide the youth of the Academy along the torturous path to agility and syncopation.

Roddy could dance, but his mother had decided that his enthusiasm was not what it should be. Hence, his presence on this particularly fateful evening. Close beside him, facing the fluffy chattering row of girls, crouched "Hoot" Dawson, whose athletic thews trembled beneath the battery of feminine eyes as they had never trembled on the football field. He nudged Roddy and whispered, "How's my hair look?"

Roddy surveyed the passive dun-colored locks and remarked. "You look all right." But the next moment found him passing a fluttering hand over his own hair and trying not to appear conscious of the approach of Mrs. Hemmenon. She swept on toward him, towing behind her a girl in pink. Roddy arose when it became apparent that he was to be the victim.

"Rodman, I want you to dance with Barbara—Miss Parks. This is the first time she has been out with us. Foxtrot, Miss McNeilly"—this last to the redhaired pianist.

Roddy mumbled, "How d'ya do," caught a fleeting glimpse of black eyes peeping mischievously up from beneath black bobbed hair, and threw himself into the posture of the dance. His eyes stared sternly ahead of the right shoulder of his partner, but his thoughts had suddenly become as warm as the small white hand that was clasped in his.

At length he licked his lips, screwed up his courage, and glanced at his partner. She apparently had been waiting for this, for she bent back and out in that spineless fashion peculiar to young females, and gazed up at him, smiling.

He smiled back, taking in her dimple, her moist red lips. Gee! She was a peach, all right.

"Have you ever been out here before Miss-Miss," he floundered.

Barbara," she supplied.

"Miss Barbara."

"No. Just Barbara," she corrected him gently. "My friends call me Bobby."

Bobby! How cute. Roddy, growing bold, leaned toward her. "May I call you---Bobby?"

She nodded, matter of factly. "Surely. You're my first friend—out here at Hampshire," she added. "You see I just moved to Raleigh."

"Oh!" said Roddy and was about to reply when Mrs. Hemmenon gave the signal for the end of the dance.

"Click, click! Change partners, please, Miss Parks, will you dance with Mr. Hobson. Mr. McKinley, take Miss Hawkins, please."

Roddy gave her over to the grinning Hobson, conscious of the swift squeeze she gave his hand in parting.

Miss Hawkins sought in vain to capture his attention. But Roddy's thoughts and eyes were jealously cast toward the other end of the gym, where Hobson was whispering in Bobby's ear and she was dimpling up at him.

He managed to dance with her twice again, contriving to have the final foxtrot by dint of a little whispering in the sympathetic ear of Mrs. Hemmenon. After the class they walked out to the bus together. Roddy shivered in the cool April evening. Instantly Bobby was all concern. They were behind the bus, now, and she turned and faced him, her eyes shining in the red light. "You'll catch cold, Roddy."

He shook his shoulders, manfully disdainful, while his eyes were saying, "Would you care? Would you really?" He bent over her, his lips quivering a little with he knew not what. "I-I'd sure like to k-kiss you!" he stammered softly.

She closed her eyes and clung to him a moment, her dark hair ruffling up beneath his lips. Then the roguish look returned to her face and she shook her head. "Not now," she murmured and ran around to the entrance of the bus.

He stood perfectly still until he saw her head framed in the open window above him. Then he came closer, gazing up at her with eyes that sought to pierce the gloom with their devotion. Her white hand fluttered out and pushed back a loose curl over his forehead. For once he did not brush away the inquisitive fingers, but stood with the pleased expression of a dog whose back is being scratched by its master.

"Gee, you have wonderful hair," she murmured enviously.

Roddy grinned with pleasure. Then he became serious.

"You'll be coming out again—to dancing class?"

She shook her head and he felt himself grow cold.

"I'm not one of Mrs. Hemmenon's regular girls." She paused. "But you write to me, Roddy."

It was a command. He brightened. "Oh, I will." The bus was starting. Suddenly he leaned and pressed his lips awkwardly over her hand just as she drew it away.

"You bet I will. . ." he shouted. "Gee!"

He returned to the room inwardly glowing. Dixie, his roommate, glanced up from his algebra.

"'Lo Sheik."

"'Lo Fathead."

Dixie pushed back his book and stared sharply. "Who mussed your hair, Roddy?" Been fighting?" Then he saw a smudge of powder on the dark lapel—and knew.

Roddy turned to the glass. Sure enough, his hair was all on end. Just as she had left it. He patted it gently, reverentially.

Dixie moaned. "Jeeze, a woman at last. The ascetic has fallen. Sunk without a bubble."

"Applesauce," said Roddy, delighted, hurling a pillow at his friend. "What makes you think I've . . er . . . been...."

"Necking, is the word, I believe," said Dixie calmly. "How do I know?" His eyes narrowed with sixteen year old cunning. "Well, I'm no Elinor Glyn, but I know that bovine look. Besides I have three older brothers."

Roddy sighed and sank down at his desk. For a long time he stared out into the singing darkness. At length when Dixie was once more absorbed in his algebra, Roddy drew out his very special writing paper with the school seal in the corner.

A week of hovering anxiety, of empty mails. And now, at last.....

Roddy tore open the blue envelope with fingers that fumbled badly. A slight odor of violets emerged from their prison and he sniffed esctatically for a moment. Violets...like her hair, rumpling into his face.

Then he turned to the letter.

"Roddy, dear," she had begun, one half inch from the bottom of the folder. "You were sweet to write me so soon after I'd met you. I'll surely do my best to get Mrs. Hemmenon to let me come out again soon." (He began to wish she wouldn't write quite so large. Only two sentences and they were already on the third sheet.) "But if I can't come out, perhaps you can come in some Sunday afternoon or something." (That was an idea) "Or maybe you'd like to take me to the movies, sometime." (Yah! With

all the gang sitting around, hooting at them?) "I must stop now and study math. Write to

Your Bobby."

There was a postscript. Roddy held his breath.

"P. S. 'Member what you asked me, out behind the bus, that night?" (Roddy had existed on that moment alone for one solid week.) "Well—I might not give you the same answer. . .another time."

He read the postscript three times, the color flying into his cheeks. Gee! That meant she'd let him kiss her, next time. Gosh! Think of it. He'd bet she didn't let many guys kiss her. Why, why she must be in love with him to say that. Boy, imagine it! Bobby in love with him. Well, he certainly was with her. No doubt about that, all right.

"Another time." she had said. He'd have to see that there was "another time" and soon, too.

He turned to the calendar and flipped it over. Gee, women were wonderful. Funny he'd never found that out before. But then, one didn't meet a girl like Bobby very often. Let's see. The Junior Prom was due in a week—on the fourth. He hadn't planned to go. And it cost three bucks. He glanced at the calendar again. The fourth was the night of the full moon. Hot dog—what a combination—the full moon and Bobby.

He invited her to the Prom.

In the ensuing week, Roddy became a different person. The shouting carefree laughter of his erstwhile companions seemed inane and puerile. He spent long hours at his desk, poring over blank sheets of paper in an attempt to produce a poem worthy of her. At length he gave it up because nothing but silly words rhymed with Bobby—and because Barbara wouldn't scan.

He was shocked by the change in his appearance, too. The blue of his eyes was deeper, sadder, as though some hidden secret lay dormant there. (Perhaps it was the lack of light in the corner where his dresser was.) There were tiny lines around his mouth which he had never noticed before. He decided with a feeling of satisfaction that he must be suffering.

The Great Day dawned at last. Dragged its weary length thru classes and out into the afternoon. Dinner that evening was a hectic affair. The dining room roared with the din of conversation and the crash of crockery. Twice the Head was forced to ring his bell and call for more quiet and less speed. Roddy found himself chattering a blue streak. Occasionally he stopped and wondered what he was saying.

An hour and a half to the dance. The campus writhed with sound. Shouts—laughter—pattering of bare feet—hissing of showers—song.

Roddy hurled off his clothes and tore down the corridor. He thought of his mother's carefully chosen words of advice. "Now Rodman," she had said, "I wish you to allow at least an hour to elapse between meal-time and bathing."

He leaped into the steamy shower-room where misty figures plunged about, groping vainly.

"Gimme that soap, you fat head!"

"What son of a beehive swiped my towel?"

"Hey! Lay off that shower, will ya?"

"Lucky in love. Lucky in love...what else matters, if you're lucky in love?"

Ah, that was it. Lucky in love. That described his situation perfectly Roddy decided, as the hot needles pricked his skin. These other birds only hoped to be, but he *was*. For hadn't she practically told him that she loved him? He began to hum the song with a quiet air of proprietorship.

Back in the room a great question arose. The golden moustache. He fingered it tentatively. Doomed it instantly. Dixie's razor. Scratch, scratch. His naked lip emerged rosy and triumphant.

He seized powder. Dusted his cheeks, his arms. Threw down the container with a cry. He had grasped his tooth powder by mistake.

Dixie entered, affecting indifference. He was clad in old gray flannel trousers, his shirt open at the neck. Not for him the silly dance, the insipid girls. Besides he was training for track.

He flopped on the bed and eyed his roommate with disgust.

"What's the hurry?"

"It's late," said Roddy. "It's quarter of eight all ready and the girls get here at quarter past."

"Yeah and park in the dressing room 'til quarter of nine," Dixie sniffed contemptuously.

At last Roddy was dressed. The new dinner jacket fitted perfectly, its smooth blackness becoming well his blond person. He gave a sigh of relief as he tucked the silk handkerchief in his breast pocket, gave a final tug to the tie.

Suddenly a crafty look crossed his face. He closed the door softly and rummaged in a suitcase beneath the bed. At length he emerged clutching a

small silver cigarette case. Crossing to the fireplace he plucked forth a brick from the earth. Out came a forbidden package. Roddy filled the case carefully, kicked the brick back into place.

"Eight five," he murmured, glancing at his wrist watch. "So long, Dix."

"So long, Roddy, don't do anything rash."

"No," said Roddy—and hoped he would.

The Junior Prom was, obviously, the social event of the year at Hampshire. In the first place because it was held in the Club House of the Ould Raleigh Golf Club, across the way. In the second place, because it was the Junior Prom.

Tonight the Club House with its wide verandas lighted with Japanese lanterns, sat upon its hill looking out into an evening well calculated to raise havoc with the emotions of Hampshire's adolescents.

A soft longuorous dusk sifted down over everything. Below the Club the fairways rolled, dark green, toward the mists of the river. A full moon slid up over the pointed evergreen trees, sending its rays across the grass, to shimmer and sparkle in the gauzelike mist.

Roddy felt light headed as he crossed to the Club. He wanted to run, to roll on the green and shout for joy. What a night! And what a girl! There was a sudden fullness in his throat, and he felt the tears pricking his eyelids. It was almost too perfect!

Impatiently he waited on the veranda, unconsciously noting that Dixie was right. It was almost eight forty five. Ah! There. She was coming out of the dressing room, walking towards him. A vision in white. White shoes with little bows, white silk stockings, tight little white dress. And strangely he found himself wishing that she would stop in the middle of the floor—that she might always be like that, coming towards him with a smile on her lips.

She gave him a handful of makeup. He could only stare at her and murmur, "Bobby...Bobby.."

They danced in silence for a while. It seemed to Roddy that if he took a deep breath he would faint away with the fragance of her.

At length she gazed up at him. "It's gorgeous, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," he replied, looking at her adoringly.

She flushed a very little. "I mean the dance, Silly."

He looked around and saw nothing. There seemed to be no other people near them. Just shadows, of which they were the only realities.

She began to hum the tune. Roddy wished she wouldn't, somehow. At last she puckered her brow and in a grieved voice, said, "Roddy, why don't you talk to me?"

He shook himself. "Oh, sure," he stammered.

"The music's grand, isn't it?"

He turned and surveyed the Six Southern Serenaders without interest. "Yes—it's very good. . . ."

Another silence. Oh, why did they have to talk, he wondered?

"Who's that boy over there, Roddy? The tall fellow with the reddish hair?"

Roddy glanced in the direction indicated. "Oh, that! That's Ted Lyons, the football captain."

A moment's pause. Bobby glanced swiftly up at him. "I'd like to meet him—sometime," she ventured.

Roddy felt something sink within him. Yes, he supposed she'd want to dance with other fellows. He didn't want to dance with any other girls, but then girls were different. It was only natural with them, he guessed. Besides everybody knew that Bobby was *his* girl. He ought to be proud to have the other guys dance with her.

He sat on the rail while she danced with Ted. How cute she looked! It was easy to see that other girls were jealous of her. Ted danced awfully close, though. Of course he was taller than Roddy and had to bend over, more. But then. . .

He decided that Ted had had her long enough.

"May I cut?" He laid his hand on Ted's arm. They didn't hear him at first. Even after he had claimed her, Bobby held Ted by the hand and kept talking to him.

Roddy fancied that she was a little piqued because he had cut back so soon. He cleared his throat. "Let's go out and have a butt," he suggested gruffly.

"Oooo Naughty," she pursed her lips elfishly. "Not now, Roddy. I don't want to leave quite yet," she said as she saw Ted approaching with a friend on his arm.

Roddy wandered moodily around the porch. The moon was cold now—unattainably high up in the sky—and the cold mist had crept up almost to the edge of the Club House.

Intermission was upon them before he knew it. Automatically Roddy

joined the line for refreshments. Emerging with two ice creams, he found that Bobby was already supplied with one—and with several young men. She hailed him, from her throne on the railing, and he allowed himself to be pulled up alongside her.

It seemed that she and "Winkie" Williams had lived in the same town. Hence, much conversation consisting of "Do-you-know" and "Remember thus and so."

The other boys and girls with them seemed to be enjoying this, but Roddy could only laugh half heartedly at the jokes. Darn these guys, anyway. Couldn't they see that he wanted a little time with her, all to himself? He was acutely aware of couples slipping quietly off the porch. And in a parked car no so far away red spots of light glowed and there were sounds of muffled mirth.

"Roddy, don't look so glum!" she chided him finally.

He looked back at her helplessly. Whispered, "Let's get away from this gang. I want to see you—alone." It sounded melodramatic, he thought.

She hesitated a moment. Then as the orchestra swung into the opening piece, seized him by the hand and dragged him in with a "Oh, c'mon. Let's dance."

He accepted his new role uncertainly, reflecting that she was taking him for granted, like a husband. More and more he frequented the rail. At least she might see that he would dance with no other girl.

He was nursing his wounded pride on one of these occasions, when the wife of the Head approached.

"Good evening, Rodman," she greeted him pleasantly. "You're not dancing?"

"Not just now, Mrs. Barrett," he replied.

What a charming boy he is, she thought. But so young to look that serious. Aloud she said, "I wonder if you could do something for me, Rodman? I've left my cape in the car and it's getting chilly. Could you bring it to me?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Barrett," and he walked off the veranda and out into the parking space. The music ended while he was hunting around among the cars, trying to find the Head's Cadillac. At length he located it and started back with the cape. As he rounded the corner of the Clubhouse, he he happened to glance up. There in a tiny alcove of the veranda were two figures embracing. Roddy mentally noted that the boy was Ted Lyons.

Nobody else in school was that tall. He vaguely wondered who his girl was.

He started on, but something told him to look back. The figures drew apart for a moment as he did so. The moonlight glimmered briefly on the white dress, the glistening black hair of the girl.

Roddy halted, struggling with the thought that had suddenly struck him. Why it couldn't be! He had left Bobby dancing with..with..yes, it *was* Ted Lyons who had cut in that last time!

He turned back, shaking a little in spite of himself. The music started up inside and the two figures strolled out into the light, hand in hand. Roddy uttered a dull little cry and the cape slid off his arm, forgotten.

It was. It was. It was. The thing began to hammer on his brain. He shook himself. He must be dreaming. But no...there was Bobby hesitating beside the door—patting her hair, smoothing her dress, while Ted waited, smiling.

Roddy stared as though in a trance. Then his jaw gradually closed. His hands clenched. Ted...Ted...the rotter! Just because he was football captain was no reason why he should take liberties with his, Roddy's girl. He took a step forward, anger rushing into his cheeks. He'd show the dirty skunk what he thought of him. He'd go in there and....

Then, suddenly, his anger was gone as quickly as it had come, leaving a dull emptiness of realizations. Bobby...Bobby must have been willing to have him...to go out there with Ted. She must have known what would happen. Even...wanted it..to happen.

He sank down on the wet grass, head between his knees, his hands hanging limply at his sides.

If only he hadn't seen. If only he'd gone in the other way. Then it wouldn't have been so bad...to learn by degrees.

But this way, to have everything wrenched out and thrown in his face. Why, it was as though he had told her a very dear secret, and come back only to find that everyone was tossing it about.

He found himself longing for Dixie. He wouldn't laugh. Good old Dixie. He had the right dope.

Roddy sat up and shook the tears from his eyes. Well, he would have to go back and pretend, would have to see her to the bus. For she mustn't realize that he knew. His pride rallied.

He stumbled over the cape. Darn the thing, anyway. It was the cause of it all. But then....

He carried it to Mrs. Barrett, apologizing for being so long. The band was playing "Home Sweet Home," but he did not go to claim that last dance with Bobby.

Instead he waited for her outside the dressing room. Saw her slip a piece of paper—her address probably—into Ted's hand. She needn't have been so secretive about it, he thought wearily.

"Where've you been, Roddy!" she queried as they headed for the bus.

"Oh, doing an errand for Mrs. Barrett," he replied lifelessly.

They walked on in silence until they were in the shadow of the machine. Bobby halted and turned to him.

"Roddy, dear, what's the matter?" her tone was soft.

He did not answer. "Roddy, you aren't mad at me?"

He shook his head and gazed out across the gloomy landscape.

"Look at me, Roddy McKinley!"

He did so unwillingly. There was a big lump in his throat. But he mustn't let go. Mustn't let her know she had ruined something that was very dear to him.

"Roddy, dear, I'm sorry," she said softly, a little half smile curving her lips. "I don't know what I've done, though."

He scuffed at the ground, glanced away again. "It's all right," he managed to say gruffly and turned toward the bus.

She laid a hand on his arm. Drew herself close to him. "Aren't you going to kiss me good-night?" she whispered.

He hesitated a moment, fearing that he would give way and tell her everything, if he kissed her. At length he held his breath, touched her lips and drew quickly out of her embrace. Inadvertently he passed the back of his hand over his lips. A small dark smudge showed in the moonlight. "Lipstick," he muttered, wondering that he had not noticed before that she used it.

Dixie sat up in bed when his roommate came in. He was about to make a flippant remark, but one look at Roddy's face made him change his mind. He watched him undress in silence. At length he began to whistle, very softly, "Lucky in Love."

Roddy turned. "Please...don't," he choked.

"But Roddy, I thought that was your favorite number?"

Roddy snapped the light without answering, and buried his face in the pillow.

DR. AND MRS. INGHAM

THE RISING OF COMMONS

All is silent, 'tis early morn,
All is silent including the gong.
All is silent did I say?
Well no—not quite that way;
There's that heaving sound that shakes the floor,
The distant rumble of the coach's snore.
And the woeful sigh and feeble snort,
As Art Fuller dreams of the skunks he's caught.

And Watson gurgles with an open mouth,
And dreams of that sweet girl, way down South.
And Jim Tate's face gets washed this time
For his noble countenance is bathed in sunshine.
And one look at Martin do you wonder why,
All the fair maidens can't help but sigh.
And Bill Page's face is firm and grim,
No wonder the females are crazy for him.
And the curly hair of Tiny's head,
Hangs over the edge of the bed.

Down through the corridor you can hear the snore,
Of Dowling, Fuller, and Derby Moore.
The moanings and groanings, sure someone is hurt,
But don't mind that—it's Wally and Bert
And Moulton gasps—he must be sick,
He's answered by the goans and bellows of Dick.
And Charlie Fuller rises and bumps,
Dreaming of the records he's made by his jumps.

Suddenly the stillness is ripped and torn,
By the high pitched ring of the morning gong.
Then there is a pause as the groanings cease,
For a fleeting moment the Commons has peace.
Then a soft whispering sound that grows to a roar,
As Gearhart's big feet alight on the floor.

Then out tumbles Tiny like an overgrown calf,
'Midst Fuller's yelping and Watson's harsh laugh.
While clumsy Mex rolls out of bed,
Dragging Sleight right square on his head.

Then the rush for the wash room and the fight for the soap,
The sleepy ones stagger and near give up hope.
A mad rush for the combs as they slick down the hairs.
And some faithful watch dog sits on the stairs.

"Doors are open," they yell and then the last spurt,
Down come Wally and Smithy and Bert,
And last is not least of these, and looking wrecks,
Bouncing down stairs comes our little Mex.
Down at the dining hall they come straggling in,
Dowling is present with a scar on his chin.
Charlie Fuller shifts nervously and sleepily sighs,
As Mr. Skerrye observes him with hard granite eyes.

Then a banging of chairs and shuffling feet,
As the fair ones gently recline in their seats.
And so it continues day after day,
When the commons awakens and gets under way.
And when we're dust and our children have gone,
The Commons will have similar awakenings at dawn
Making the rattle and bustle of storm,
No gentle reader, they will never reform.

Arthur B. Sleight '30

CAPTAINS

Edgar Best	Golf
Walter P. Temple, Jr.	Track, Baseball
Edgar A. Temple	Football, Basketball
Richard Hosmer	Hockey, Tennis

SPORTS
D
TOM WALKER

FOOTBALL

Edgar A. Temple	Captain
Mr. Burton L. Bruce	Coach
Charles Chase	Manager
Carl H. Padover	Captain - Elect

THE TEAM

Back Row—W. Temple, Page, Dowling, Smith.
Front Row—Fuller, Craig, Fernandez, Padover, Walker, E. Temple, Watson.

FOOTBALL

WHEN Coach Bruce called out the football men, some 28 men reported; of these there were six letter men. The outlook for Coach Bruce's cohorts was extremely dark; but he set to work and his final product was a team well qualified to represent the school. The team

was the lightest that ever represented the school on the gridiron, the average weight being 144

In the first game of the season Dummer had an easy time defeating the Beverly Reserves 38-0. The Beverly team offered very little resistence, and so the calibre of the Bruce machine could not be judged. In this game every man on the squad was used in order to give everyone the experience.

The following Saturday the Red and White met West Side High at Manchester, N. H. and defeated them 18-0. The Dummer warriors defeated a team that was much larger and heavier. In this game Dummer lost, for the remainder of the season, a very promising halfback when Fred Robinson broke his wrist.

The next game didn't go so well. Dummer was defeated 13-0 by Pinkerton Academy in the first clash of the two schools for a number of years. The two teams battled three periods without scoring; and probably if Norman Smith hadn't been injured, the results would have been a scoreless tie.

Rockport High proved little more than a scrimmage to prepare the team for its three last games. The Red and White pushed Rockport about and scored almost at will. The final score was 40-6.

The Lawrence Academy team was the best team that Dummer met during the season. They were heavy, fast, and a well-coached group of men. Much credit is due the light Dummer team for holding them to a 25-0 score.

The Belmont Hill game found the Red and White team reaching its peak of perfection. Belmont was defeated 12-0. The game was played on a wet field; but despite this the Dummer team outplayed and out-rushed its heavier opponents.

The Sanborn game, the objective of the season, although ending in a 6-6 tie was considered a moral victory. Sanborn was the favorite to win by three touchdowns. Even though the favorite and possessing a heavier team, Sanborn was lucky to get away with a tie. The light Dummer team pushed them up and down the down the field, and only by a trick of fate was Sanborn able to score.

The playing of certain individuals was exceptionally good, as was the combined efforts of the whole team. The fine direction of the team by N. Smith, along with his broken field running, stamped him as one of the best backs ever to be on a Dummer team. Dowling and W. Temple's work in the back was also commendable. Carlos Fernandez and Carl Padover, two of the lightest men on the team, were the stars in the line.

Of the 13 letter men, there are only 4 returning to school next fall. With such men, however, as Hosmer and M. Walker coming from the second team, Coach Bruce should have a good foundation. We wish Mr. Bruce and Captain-elect Padover and their men a very successful season and a record of which they may be proud.

R .W. P. '29

Dummer	38	Beverly Reserves	0
Dummer	18	West Side High	0
Dummer	0	Pinkerton Academy	13
Dummer	40	Rockport High	6
Dummer	0	Lawrence Academy	25
Dummer	12	Belmont Hill School	0
Dummer	6	Sanborn Seminary	6

BASKETBALL

Edgar A. Temple	Captain
Mr. F. J. Reagan	Coach
Richard Albree	Manager
Edgar Best	Captain - Elect

THE TEAM

Standing—Mr. Reagan, Best, Walker, Smith, Fuller, Albree.
Seated—Dowling, Verdes, Temple, Fernandez, Craig.

BASKETBALL

WHEN Coach Reagan issued the call for basketball candidates, four letter men and a half dozen others with little or no experience reported to him. Those that reported were small and light but had the spirit, which is the most essential thing in rounding out a successful

team. What prospects there were in this group were soon realized, and Mr. Reagan put as good a team on the floor as has represented the school in the past.

The season started out on the right foot, as we took Tabor Academy into camp after a hectic struggle to the tune of 15-14. Following this victory, the Haverhill Continuation School was also defeated by the hoopsters. Then came our first trip, which was to Sanborn Seminary, where the team, handicapped by the smallness of the Sanborn gymnasium, put up a great struggle and barely managed to nose out our bitter rivals 15-14. After this fine showing the team struck a snag and lost four of the ensuing five games—Milton, Huntington, Lawrence, and Rivers being our conquerors, and De Witt Clinton the victim. The team, however, redeemed itself by defeating Lawrence and New Prep to end the season in a blaze of glory.

Captain Temple, both at guard and forward, will long be remembered for his fine Captainship. His floor work and ability to break up plays and to stick with the ball all the time was a feature of the season.

Fuller, Best, and Verdes, the forward line, were a fine trio, and their passing and scoring ability kept the opponents worrying all the time. Fuller and Best were tied for the high scoring honor, and Verdes was only one point behind.

The all-round play of Fernandez was one of the astonishing feats of the season, in view of the fact that his eye sight was very poor. He won the Sanborn game with an eleventh hour basket, and his playing in the last few games, especially, was superb.

Mr. Reagan is to be congratulated on the splendid team that he put on the floor, and we wish him and Captain-elect Best all kinds of success for the next year.

R. W .P. '29

Dummer	15	Tabor	14
Dummer	26	Haverhill	15
Dummer	15	Sanborn	14
Dummer	6	Milton	18
Dummer	29	De Witt Clinton	6
Dummer	26	Lawrence	36
Dummer	22	Huntington	23
Dummer	7	Rivers	23
Dummer	32	Lawrence	26
Dummer	35	New Prep	18

HOCKEY

Richard Hosmer	Captain
Mr. W. J. Farrell	Coach
Albert Feldman	Manager
Richard Hosmer	Captain - Elect

THE TEAM

Standing—Feldman, Robinson, Best, Buechner, Mildram, Mr. Farrell
Seated—McKenzie, Gearhart, Hosmer, Page, Eaton.

HOCKEY

AT the call of Coach Farrell, about a dozen men answered, among these being four letter men from last year's sextet. In spite of the lack of letter men, the other material was first class, and Mr. Farrell developed a first-class hockey team. The team played six games be-

fore the bad weather camped on its trail. The record hung up by this year's sextet is the best record of any hockey team in the history of Dummer.

In the first game of the year Danvers High was defeated 2-0. The game was fast and furious from start to finish. Amesbury High was the next victim of the sextet, the boys from up river being beaten 3-1 in a very fast and exciting game. The following two games were played with Haverhill High, and both games resulted in scoreless deadlocks. A third game was scheduled; but the weather man had his say and consequently the game was not played. The hard skating, fast traveling Rivers sextet next made its appearance at South Byfield. The Dummer team battled the superior Rivers team to a stand still for two periods and a half when McKenzie finally scored, and from then till the end of the game Dummer played defensive hockey and prevented Rivers from tying the score. In the last game Dummer was defeated by a far inferior hockey team when Hampton Academy won 1-0 on a freak goal. The play of the visitor's goal-tender was the best ever seen on the Dummer rink.

Captain Hosmer and Bill Page on the defense did yeomen work all season in checking the rushes of the opposing teams.

The work of McKenzie on wing was the key to the team's success, he scored 5 of the 6 goals; however, the team work of Best and Gearhart was indispensable, as they were constantly helping McKenzie split the opposing defenses for his close up shots.

In goal Sam Eaton played fine hockey and showed up as the best Dummer goalie in years. He had only two goals scored on him during the season.

As only two letter men, Rod Gearhart and Bill Page, are graduating, the prospects for another year are very bright. Mr. Farrell is to be commended for the success of this year's sextet, and we wish him and Captain Hosmer as successful a season next year.

R. W. P. '29

Dummer	2	Danvers 0
Dummer	3	Amesbury 1
Dummer	0	Haverhill 0
Dummer	0	Haverhill 0
Dummer	1	Rivers 0
Dummer	0	Hampton 1

BASEBALL

Walter P. Temple, Jr. ..... Captain
Mr. F. J. Reagan ..... Coach
Melvin Marks ..... Manager

THE TEAM

Back Row—Blair, Mr. Reagan, Verdes, Smith, Hosmer, Moore, Fuller, Bell, Martin, Marks.
Front Row—McKenzie, Dowling, Temple, Walker, Robinson, Page, Padover.

BASEBALL

WHEN Coach Reagan issued the call for baseball candidates, about nineteen men answered his call, which is the largest number that has reported for baseball in recent years. Of this large number which reported for the team, there were six lettermen. Although last

year's team was unsuccessful as far as games won is concerned, it served to give valuable experience; and from the success that this year's team is having, especially in revenging for past defeats, last season's experience was not in vain.

This year's nine seems to be well fortified in all positions except third base and the pitching department. The loss of Watson after the first game placed the pitching burden on two inexperienced pitchers, Robinson and Dowling, who have been putting their combined efforts into the job and are doing much more than holding their own. Third base is the other weak spot. Mr. Reagan has been trying several out at this position but has been unable to find a suitable man to round off the infield.

Norman Smith has been doing the catching, while Robinson and Dowling have shared the pitching burden. Charlie Fuller at the initial sack, Captain Wally Temple at the keystone sack, McKenzie at short, and Robinson at third, rounds off the infield. When Robinson is pitching, however, either Verdes or Page plays the hot corner. There are many aspirants for the outfield berths, with Hosmer, Walker, and Page forming the regular combination.

As we go to press the team has won five of its six games, numbering among its victims St. Georges School and Sanborn Seminary. The victory over Sanborn was particularly gratifying, as it is the first baseball victory over our ancient rivals in several years. With only three games left on the schedule, the outlook for an excellent record is extremely bright. We wish to extend to Mr. Reagan our heartiest congratulations on his success in turning out a winning team.

R. W. P. '29

The Schedule

April 13—Dummer	10	St. Georges School	6
April 24—Dummer	6	Country Day School	5
April 27—Dummer	7	Sanborn Seminary	4
May 4—Dummer	10	Groton School	12
May 7—Dummer	5	Roxbury Latin	3
May 15—Dummer	16	Manning High	9

May 18—Dummer at Sanborn Seminary
May 24—Country Day School at Dummer
May 31—Dummer at Ipswich

TRACK

Walter P. Temple, Jr. ..... Captain
Mr. F. E. Jarvis ..... Coach
Cecil Kleeb ..... Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Kleeb, Padover, Montague, Chase, Capron, Mr. Jarvis.
Seated—Walker, Bell, Temple, Fuller, Moore.

TRACK

TRACK this year was not the success that it has been other years. This year's team didn't win a meet, and was the first track team at Dummer to be defeated since 1924. When Coach Jarvis issued the call for track candidates, about a dozen men reported; of these only four were

letter men. The loss of Hart, Gove, and Page from the distance runs left a gap in the team that was not filled, and was the main factor in the downfall of the team. The dashes and field events were well taken care of by Captain Wally Temple, Fuller, M. Walker, and E. Temple.

The first meet of the year was held with Roxbury Latin at Roxbury, with the Latin boys winning 39-24 . The meet was very close and exciting till the 600 and 1000 yard runs were staged; these runs prove to be the downfall of the Dummer team.

The following week Noble and Greenough was run on their track, where the tracksters were again defeated—this time 46-17. The work of Captain Temple and Charlie Fuller was outstanding.

Moses Brown School of Providence, was run on the Noble and Greenough track at Dedham. This team showed a wonderful collection of track men, and they easily won the meet 49-14.

In the Private School meet held at Harvard, Charlie Fuller won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 11 inches. Fuller's work in the high jump during the season was one of the few highlights; he also scored consistently in the hurdles.

Captain Wally Temple was the other star of the track team. His work in the shot put and 300 yard run was of the highest type.

Although the team didn't have a successful season, the spirit of the team was excellent. In every meet members of the team knew of the odds they were up against; and in spite of this, every member of the team gave his best and stuck to the end. The members of the team are to be congratulated on showing such a fine spirit under such circumstances. Coach Jarvis is due much credit for his undying efforts in trying to turn out a winning team.

The point scorers for the year: Charlie Fuller 27, Captain Temple 25, M. Walker 3½, E. Temple 3, Moore 1, Bell 1, Smith 1.

R. W. P. '29

Dummer	24½	Roxbury Latin	38½
Dummer	17	Noble & Greenough	46
Dummer	14	Moses Brown	49

GOLF

THIS last season, the Golf team met with disaster. Hard matches, not enough practice and last, but not least, not enough material was the sum and substance of the 1929 golf season for Dummer.

Mr. Skerrye issued the call for golfers back in April. A squad of about twenty boys appeared, half of them didn't know the difference between a wooden club and an iron club. Mr. Skerrye looked them over, gulped twice, relit his pipe, and looked again.

He set the veterans to work, both of them, practicing short approaches and taking things rather easy for a start. A little after this meeting, however, it snowed, therefore puting off all possibilities of playing the greens, and also delaying the entire season.

The first match, with Exeter, soon came. Mr. Skerrye patched up a golf team composed of most everybody but the golfers. They got beaten terribly and never did pull themselves out of the rut.

Golf has always been the most unsupported sport here at the Academy. Half of the school doesn't even know that Dummer played golf with anybody last season. Unless more interest is shown in the future it will be necessary to discontinue this sport.

The boys who did most of the playing are as follows: Edgar Best number one, McKenzie number two, Bob Dowling number three, Sam Eaton number four, Dick Moulton number five, Derb Moore number six.

May	1	Dummer 0	Exeter	9
May	6	Dummer 2	Thayer	7
May	13	Dummer 1½	St. John's	7½
May	20	Dummer at St. John's		

T. S. W. '29

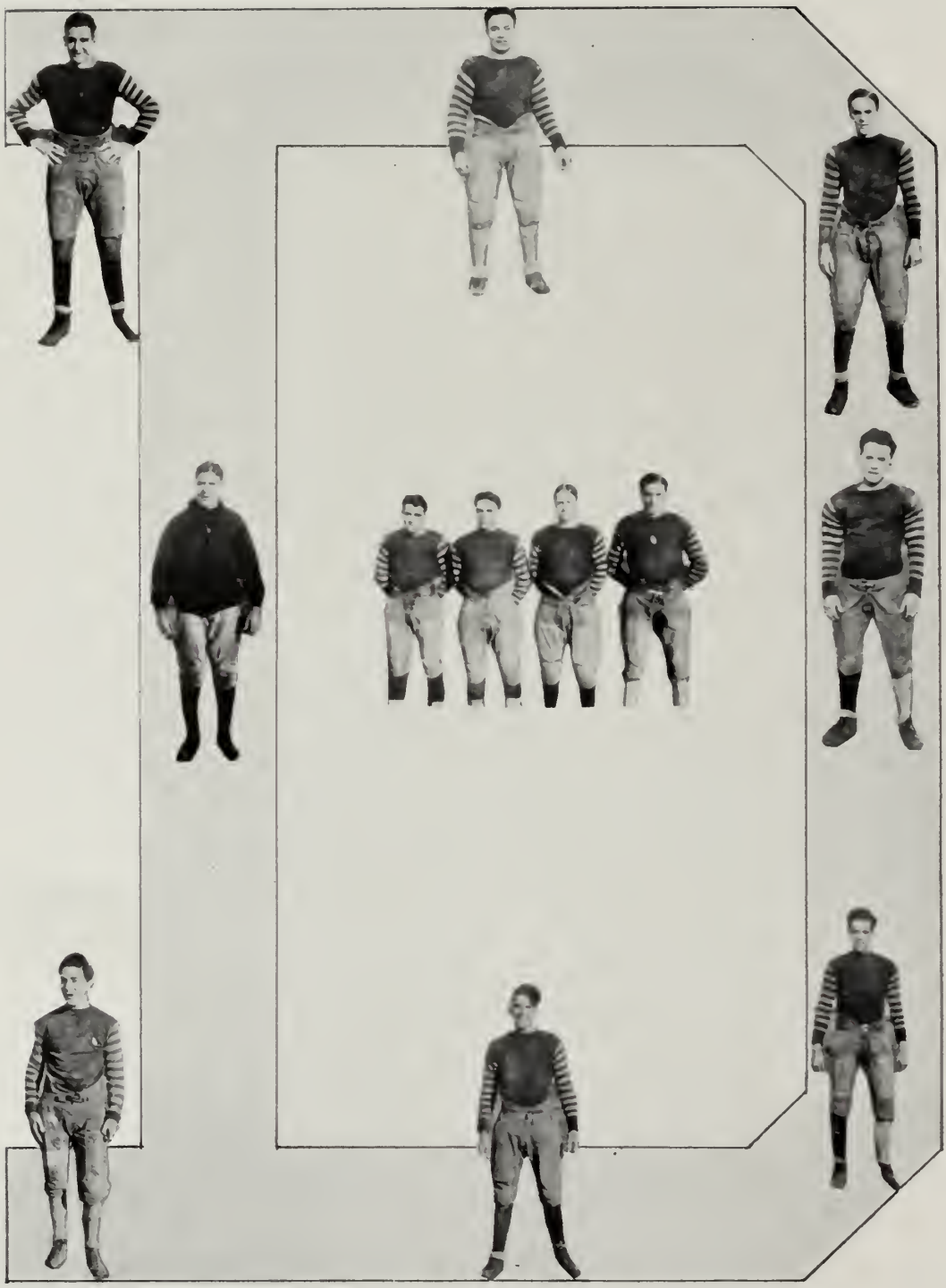
TENNIS

THE 1929 tennis season was delayed in getting under way by the extremely wet spring, which kept the courts unplayable. Late in April a squad of twenty candidates reported to Coach Prothero, and an elimination tournament was held, resulting in the selection of a team consisting of Captain Hosmer, Moore, Dawson, Verdes and Fernandez.

Only one interschool tournament has been played up to the time this report goes to press, but prospects are bright for a successful season. On May ninth the team motored to South Braintree and met the Thayer Academy racquetmen. The meet resulted in a tie score, but the singles contests were overwhelmingly in favor of the Dummerites. Dick Hosmer and Derb Moore played their usual veteran's brand of steady tennis, while "Dolly" Dawson, a team newcomer, gave a beautiful exhibition of stroking and placement. Thayer's number four man was too strong for "Mex" Fernandez, who had an off day, and the doubles contests went into the Thayer bag, but our boys felt that the singles gave them an edge, regardless of the official tie score. Unfortunately, we do not have a return engagement with Thayer this year.

May 10	Dummer	3	Thayer 3
May 16	Dummer at St. John's		
May 21	Malden High School at Dummer		
May 25	St. John's at Dummer		

C. F. P.



OUR LETTER MEN

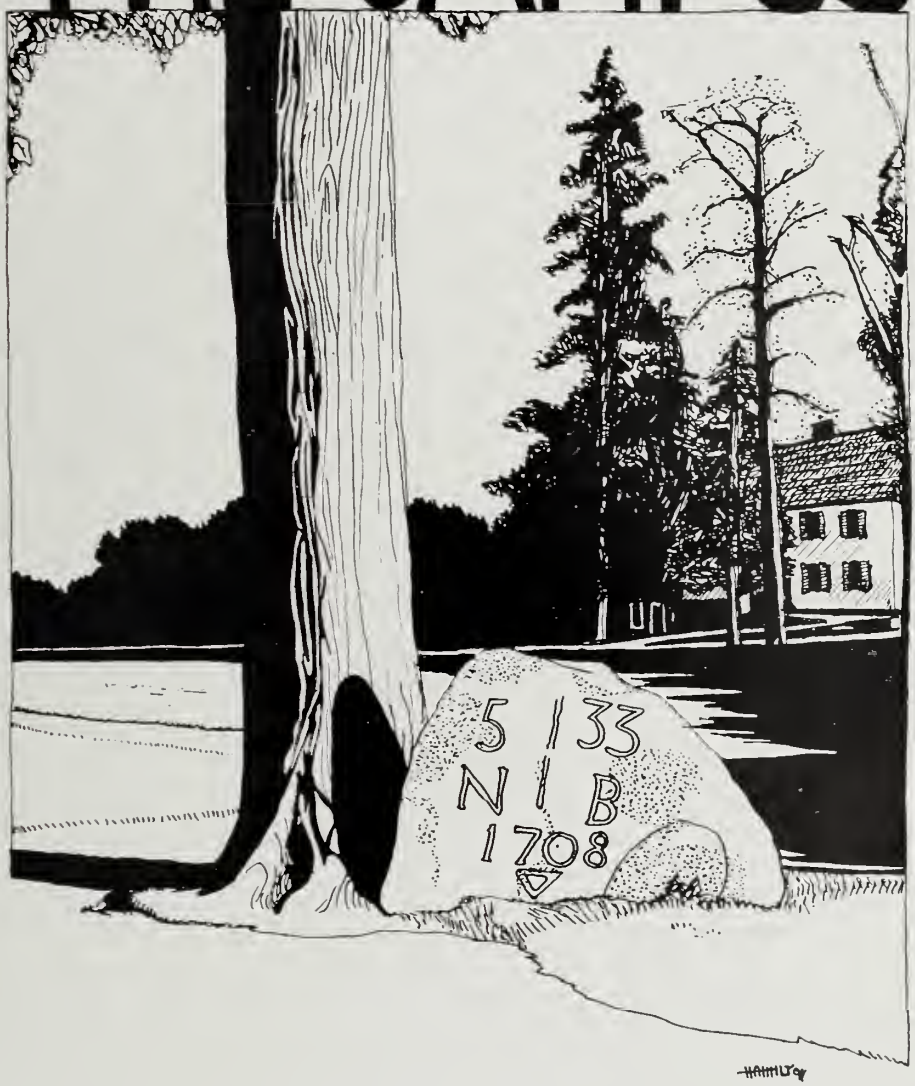
C. Fuller	4	Sleight	2
Page	4	E. Temple	2
Smith	4	M. Walker	2
Dowling	3	Verdes	2
W. Temple	3	Robinson	2
Watson	3	Bell	1
McKenzie	3	Eaton	1
Best	2	A. Fuller	1
Brown	2	Gearhart	1
D. Craig	2	Moore	1
Fernandez	2	Padover	1
Hosmer	2	T. Walker	1

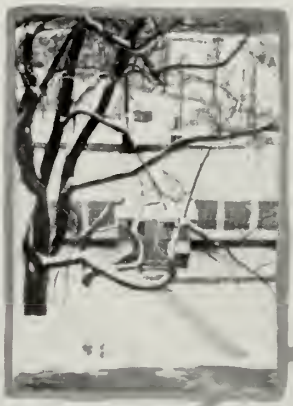
OUR MANAGERS

Albree,	Football, Basketball
Chase,	Football, Track
Capron,	Hockey
Feldman,	Hockey
Kleeb,	Track
Marks,	Baseball
Moulton,	Basketball

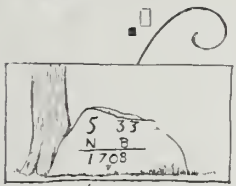
LANG GYMNASIUM

THE CAMPUS





WINTER VIEWS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THE PARSONS SCHOOLHOUSE

Clubs
C. FULLER '25

MILESTONE BOARD
Fuller, Page, Moulton, Walker.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

THIS year book is the work of these four boys, alone. At the first of the year a huge staff was elected; four days later all but four of them forgot that there ever was such a thing as the *Milestone*.

It so happened that two of these four boys were art editors so the bulk of the work fell on the remaining two. They bravely squared their shoulders and with a remarkable determination set about compiling a year book.

These four horsemen were not even aided by class dues since no senior seemed to have money to "waste" on such a thing.

The worrying done by Bill Page who was everlastingly trying to get the art department to complete their cuts, and the worrying done by Denney Moulton about the bills that must be paid would make the cruelest task-master weep a huge quantity of salty tears. If it hadn't been for the willing help of a few undergraduates and a couple of masters this diminutive staff might all be in the crazy house and maybe they should be there anyway.

ARCHON BOARD

Standing—Bell, Fuller, Montague.

Seated—Page, Mr. Farrell, Walker

THE ARCHON, PAST AND PRESENT

IN 1897 a school paper entitled the "Dummer News" made its appearance at Dummer. This paper was the forerunner of the present "Archon" and did not differ greatly from it. (This may not have been the first school paper published here, but our historical knowledge only goes back as far as 1897.) This news sheet was published more or less regularly until 1905, when either enthusiasm waned or no faculty advisor could be found to sponsor the paper. That position is said to have carried most of the work with it. Not until 1912 was any other publication put out by the students, as far as we have able to find out, when the Dummer "Archon," a tri-yearly magazine, first appeared. In each issue of this magazine were three or four stories, write-ups of athletics and school events, and a few jokes. This form of publication continued until 1922-'23, when no method of financing the "Archon", which had been continually running into the hole, was found. In 1923 the only form of publication issued by the students was the Senior Class yearbook.

In 1924 the "Archon" was revived, and since then has been issued regularly twelve times a year. The main idea of the paper is to keep the Alumni informed of the happenings of the school and the school the doings of the Alumni. The members of the Board extend their thanks to Mr. Farrell, Mr. Jarvis, and Mr. Cranston for their indispensable assistance.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Roger W. Page '29
Associate Editors ..... Everett Montague '30, Thomas Walker '29
Circulation and Exchange ..... Charles A. Fuller '29
Business Manager ..... Kenneth C. Bell '30
Faculty Advisor ..... Mr. Walter J. Farrell

R. W. P. '29

THE ORCHESTRA

Standing—Moulton, E. Temple, A. Fuller.
Seated—Blair, Mr. Porell, Pillsbury, W. Temple

THE DUMMER ORCHESTRA

THE orchestra, due to the prevailing interest in football was late in getting underway this year. With Mr. Porell at the piano for the the fourth year, things began to progress harmoniously in November.

When Art Fuller and Pillsbury could be persuaded to put their efforts along with the rest, good music was the result. Blair at the end of a dance, hating to have it over with had to be told several times "roll 'em off."

The first performance was at a church benefit in Newburport at which things went quite well. The dancing school party at which the orchestra supplied the music was the greatest success. After the minstrel show the last of April the orchestra furnished the dance music for about an hour. The season closed with a successful performance at Commencement.

Although the orchestra has not had many engagements, everybody has enjoyed playing in the bi-weekly rehearsals.

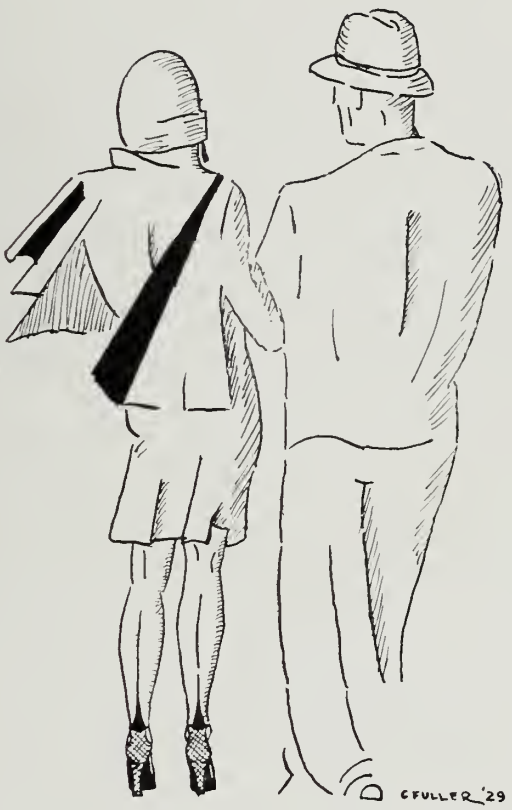
R. H. M. '29

JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE

Standing—Brown, Hessian, Walker

Seated—McKenzie, Hosmer, Robinson

SOCIETY



ANNUAL FOOTBALL DANCE

ON December 8, the annual football dance was held in the Lang Gymnasium. A large part of the school turned out to enjoy the delightful music furnished by Joe O'Donnell's Orchestra. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with banners and pennants of the different prominent colleges and schools. There were very few outside couples present, the absence of which made the dance practically a family affair. Ice cream and cookies were served during intermission. The Patronesses were Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Farrell, and Mrs. Prothero. Charlie and Art Fuller were the committee in charge.

R. W. P. '29

ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET

(*From The Archon*)

THE annual football dinner tendered to the Dummer football teams on December 15, was one of the biggest successes enjoyed by the old school in its long string of receptions to the gridiron warriors.

Many guests, including parents of the players and old graduates of the school, were present to share in the festivities and enjoy the splendid turkey dinner prepared by the school chef.

Dr. Ingham acted as toastmaster and introduced the speakers of the evening. Mr. Skerrye read many interesting telegrams, some of rather fictitious origin, which were scored as direct hits against some of the players and masters. Mr. Farrell read many leters of regrets from former Dummer players who were forced to send regrets and, at the same time, congratulations and best wishes to the team.

Coach Bruce awarded letters to the members of the first and second teams and spoke of the splendid cooperation of the players and reviewed the season's progress in an interesting manner. The following boys were awarded a major D: Captain Bert Temple, Captain-elect Carl Padover, Wally Temple, Norman Smith, Tom Walker, Mex Fernandez, Don Craig, Arkie Watson, Charlie Fuller, Bill Page, Mac McKenzie, Bob Dowling, Art Sleight, and Manager Charlie Chase.

Second team awards were presented to Captain Dick Hosmer, Mal Walker, Roff Elliott, Leon Mantarian, Bob Blair, Carl Buechner, Larry

Cusick, Dolly Dawson, Sam Eaton, Rod Gearhart, Melvin Marks, Henry Root, Sam Verdes, and John Capron.

Mr. Reagan, who coached the junior squad, presented letters and silver footballs, the gift of Mr. Stuart McKenzie of Wakefield, to the following youngsters who comprised the squad: Captain William Gove, Carl Barrett, William Buechner, Allen Dodge, William Dunlop, Albert Feldman, Owen Grant, James Huxtable, Robert Mollica, Gordon Nason, Winfield Perkins, Weldon Ray, Edmund Shepard, Everett Smith, Raymond Sturgis, and Reinhart Thelen.

The Dummer orchestra, under the leadership of Douglas A. Porrell, favored with music, while the members of the Junior school sang several of the school football songs.

The final presentation of the evening came as a surprise when Dr. Ingham presented Captain Bert Temple of the team with a beautiful cup as a reward for his splendid leadership and his unfailing devotion to the game throughout his career at Dummer.

The guests included Dr. and Mrs. Dowling, Mr. and Mrs. William Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Heard, Mrs. E. M. Page, Miss Ida Falardeau, Mr. Thomas Temple, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Craig.

The old players of other years who were present included Jack Calderwood, Ernest Ferdinand, J. E. Morse, E. Randall Jackson, John English, Gerard May, Travis Ingham, Robert Harkness, and Charles I. Somerby.

MID-WINTER PROM

THE Mid-Winter Prom was held in the Lang Gymnasium on the evening of March 9. The gym was tastily decorated with multi-colored banners representing all the larger schools and colleges. The music was furnished by Paul Bryant and his Musical Students from Boston University. Everybody enjoyed the lively music that was played, and many proclaimed it the best orchestra that they had ever heard at a Dummer dance. During the intermission refreshments were served.

The affair was completely in the hands of Charlie Fuller, Arthur Fuller and Bill Page, to whom a vote of thanks is due for the way in which the whole dance was handled. The money that was made was turned over to the Milestone. The Patronesses were Mrs. Walter J. Farrell, Miss Maud Brown, and Mrs. Carl Peterson.

R. W. P. '29

JUNIOR PROMENADE

THE chief social function of the year, the Junior Promenade, was held in the Lang gymnasium on Saturday evening May 11th. The gymnasium was artistically and tastily decorated in blue and gold streamers, which represented the class colors. The orchestra was placed on a specially constructed platform mid-way down the side of the gym.

Jack Calderwood's "Isle of Delight" orchestra furnished the music for the occasion, and his efforts were very favorably commented upon by those in attendance. There were more couples on the floor than have danced at the earlier dances of the year, and the general spirit and pep of the affair seemed to be much higher.

Beautiful favors in the form of a string of choker pearls were given to the young ladies in attendance during the favor dance. During the twelfth dance a shower of balloons fell upon the dancers followed by an assault of streamers and confetti from all sides.

The Patronesses were Mrs. Ingham, Miss Cock, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Prothero, and Mrs. Peterson. The dance committee was made up of Richard Hosmer, Stuart McKenzie, Malcolm Walker, Fred Robinson, Edward Hessian, Marshall Brown. Their skill and ability in handling the affair successfully deserves great commendation.

R. W. P. '29

LANG GYMNASIUM

SCHOOL ELECTIONS

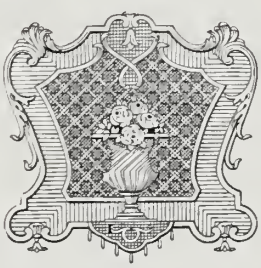
Handsomest Master ..... Mr. Bruce
Most Useful Master ..... Mr. Reagan
Best Teacher ..... Mr. Cranston
Most Popular Boy ..... W. Temple
Handsomest Boy ..... Robinson
Best Dressed Boy ..... Dowling
Best Athlete ..... W. Temple.
Done Most for Dummer ..... Page
Most Likely to Succeed ..... Page
Most Admired by Ladies ..... Robinson
Done Most Outside Athletics ..... Page
Wittiest Boy ..... N. Smith
Most Popular Boys' School ..... Andover
Most Popular Girls' School ..... Bradford Academy

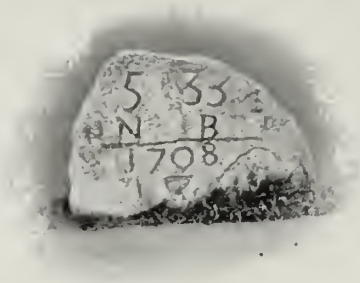
CLASS ELECTIONS

Pessimist ..... Moulton
Optimist ..... Dowling
Best Dancer ..... Dowling
Grind ..... Moulton
Noisiest ..... Moore
Sportiest ..... Dowling
Smoothest ..... Watson
Chef ..... Fernandez
Correspondent ..... Fernandez
Dreamer ..... Watson
Woman Hater ..... Albree
Most Attractive ..... Dowling
I Love Me ..... E. Temple
Ladies Man ..... Fernandez
Dumbest ..... We are all bright

SENIOR BOOK LIST

So Big ..... E. Temple
Flaming Youth ..... Watson
Music Master ..... A. Fuller
Book of Knowledge ..... Moulton
Slave Ship ..... Study Hall
Innocents Abroad ..... Albree
The Little Minister ..... N. Smith
Halfback Hathaway ..... W. Temple
Weird Tales ..... The Archon
The Man the Women Loved ..... Albree
Spoilt Music ..... The Orchestra
The Ancient Highway ..... The Turnpike
Friday to Monday ..... Watson's Weekend
The Everlasting Whisper ..... Page & Walker
Revenge is Mine ..... Moulton & Martin
Six Feet Four ..... T. Walker
The Covered Wagon ..... The Reo
Three Lights from a Match
Under the Skylight
The Enemy ..... Sanborn Seminary
Gas, Drive In ..... A. Fuller
Legion of the Condemned ..... French III
Daddy Long Legs ..... Martin

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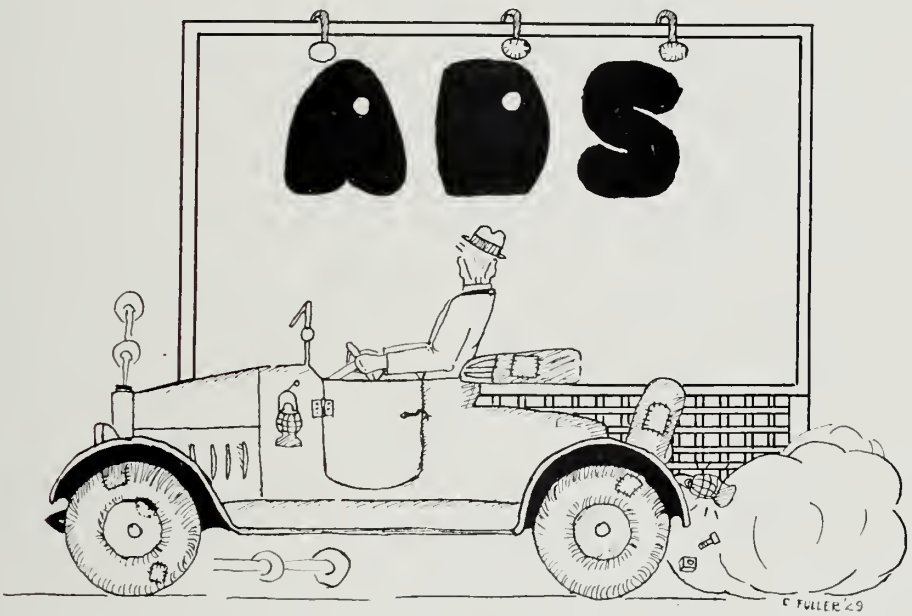
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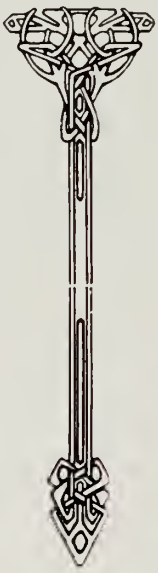

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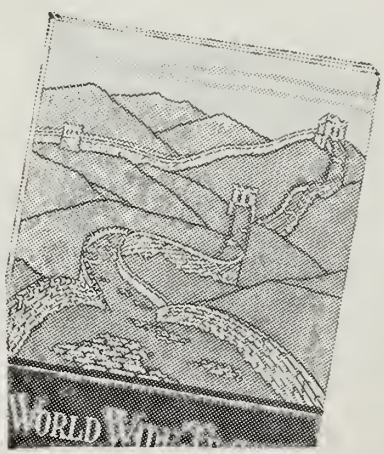

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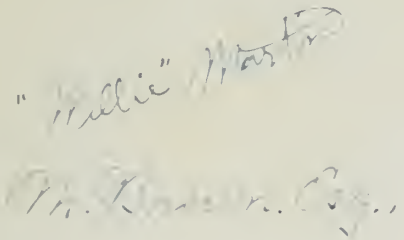

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